

I've Left, How Does It Feel?

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I've Left, How Does It Feel?

by [Lol_ItsPriya](#)

Summary

A small look into Peter and his new life.

Meanwhile, some cope with his loss.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“You know, I can’t just keep you here forever, you do need to go to a school”

Peter groaned, it had been a week after he left, and it was probably the best decision of his life.

“You know,” Peter started, “By the way you’re saying that, it seems like you’ve already found one”

“Maybe”

“Which is it?”

“Well, I hope you know that I do have money, i’m not completely broke”

“Weird way to start a sentence”

“Look, all im saying is that—”

“You don’t have to send me to some fancy high school, dad. I promise, a regular high school will do just fine”

“No, it’s not that. Well, it kind of is. I found this really good school, Brooklyn Visions Academy, but it’s pretty expensive”

“Dad, i’m serious, any normal public school will be—”

“Trust me, Peter. I know better than anyone that you are not one to fight for your happiness— which we do need to have a chat about, but anyway,” he said, putting his mug down.

“Since your grades can’t transfer, it will be hard to get in, but the school gives you a chance to win your scholarship— it’s just a simple test and essay”

“That....doesn’t sound too bad. But if I don’t get in—”

“Oh please! Your probably going to be one of the smartest kids there”

Peter just gave a wide grin. He’d never received compliments or much praise at all, and it was a nice— no, amazing change of pace. He’d been loving his new home, and he could already tell things would be amazing. He and Stephen lived in a fairly fancy apartment in Brooklyn, it was somewhat small, but it was only him and Strange so space didn’t really matter. The apartment had a nice view, good kitchen and living room, and though Peter’s room was significantly smaller, he still loved it.

Back at the tower, Peter had barren walls and boring furniture. That was until he met Ned, of course. Ned had convinced him to buy some Star Wars posters and lego sets for his room, and Peter was delighted at the idea.

Peter didn’t assemble the lego sets, he had wanted to do that with Ned, but he did put up a few posters.

Three months later, Tony had walked into Peter’s room asking Peter if he had seen Harley. Peter said no, but before Tony left, he looked at the posters up on Peter’s wall.

“Take those down, you should know better than to ruin the wall with adhesive”

Three days later, Peter walked past Harley’s room, which was open, to find that the exact same posters were up on his wall.

“Where’d you get those?”

“Dad gave ‘em to me” Harley said, before walking off to talk to the Avengers

When Peter first got to the apartment, he debated on what to do with his room. Well, not really.

“What is this place, a holding cell?” said Stephen. He had just walked into Peter’s room, probably to tell him that he was back from the sanctum, and noticed the barren walls.

“Oh- I uh, I didn’t know what to put”

Strange just nodded, before announcing that dinner was going to be ordered out.

Peter had been slightly nervous about the test, after all, would he be disappointing Stephen by not getting in? Would Stephen be mad at him? Would he—

All thought evaporated from his brain as he noticed several cardboard cylinders on his bed. Opening them, he found that there had been multiple different Star Wars posters inside, some of which were pretty expensive.

With a wide smile, Peter immediately started putting the posters up, along with some of the other smaller pictures of his favorite moments in the movies. By the end, his room looked like it belonged to someone.

—————

Peter aced the test, got into the school with flying colors.

He walked through the halls of his new school with a ton of eyes on him, most of which sent his spider-sense going crazy. Without noticing, he bumped into someone.

‘Shit, fucking it up already St- Parker?’

“I am so sorry! I didn’t see you and—”

“It’s fine, don’t worry about it”

“My names Peter, i’m new here”

“Well, that’s good to know. I’m new here too,” he said smiling, “I’m Miles.”

Miles and Peter instantly clicked, and he also met another by the name of Gwen.

He had also been starting to get recognized around Brooklyn, even though it had only been a week. Nothing big, really. People realized who he was when he saw them, but it’s not like he was known or anything.

“Spiderman,” said a deep, menacing voice.

Peter whipped around, resisting the urge to swing off the roof the two were on. He knew someone was trailing him, but he couldn’t see them. He had heard a heartbeat, the sound of heavy breaths, but no footsteps, and everytime he looked back, no one was there.

However, as a man stepped out of the darkness, he realized instantly who it was.

The Devil had come to see him.

His first instinct was to play it cocky, the Devil was trailing him and wouldn't realize that he was young (or nervous), and he really did not want to be around this guy for too long.

“You operate in Hell’s Kitchen, no? Or are you just here on a vacation?”

“I came to see you,” he said in a menacing tone.

“I’m flattered! But, uh, i’m kind of on a time crunch here, so make it quick”

“I need you to do something for me”

What? What would the Devil of Hell's Kitchen need help with? He was infinitely stronger, faster, and more skilled than Peter, so why would he want his help? It was very possible that Daredevil thought he was more skilled than he was, and Peter didn’t want to stick around for when he found out how capable Peter actually was.

“Well, Batman, I'm flattered but I'm going to have to opt out of this one,” he announced, before walking to the edge of the roof.

“I know you can hear them, too”

“What?” Peter stopped dead in his tracks, heart pounding against his chest.

“The voices. The people who scream at night, begging for help. That’s why you’re out here, no?”

“I have my reasons,” Peter responded, trying to be as cryptic as possible.

“What other reasons could a person as young as you have?”

Peter tensed. How could he know? Peter, when making his suit, put a voice modulator in, warping his voice. Maybe it was his demeanor? But still, that's not enough to determine his age.

“What do you want?”

“There's a trafficking ring that i’ve been tracking for months, and I’ve finally found where they keep some of the kids”

“How does this involve me?”

“It’s fortified well, the only way in undetected would be through a small ass window on the side of the building”

“And you want me to go in”

Daredevil only nodded, before giving Peter a time and address.

Holy shit, Peter was nervous.

He turned up at the location on the dot, only to find that Daredevil was already there. There was no small talk, just go, go, go.

He got in the building, before immediately disabling some of the cameras pointed at a skylight so that Daredevil could get in. Peter was supposed to get the kids out of the building, while Daredevil did whatever he was supposed to do (Peter wasn’t told).

Peter had ended up coming back for Daredevil in an attempt to help him, and turns out, he needed it.

It's not like he was dying, but he didn’t yell at him when he came back.

They fought together, and it was clear that Daredevil was infinitely times better at fighting than Peter. It became even more clear when Peter took a knife to the shoulder.

“You need something for that?” He asked, gesturing to his shoulders.

“Thanks, but I got it,” Peter groaned.

“Hey, uh, kid?”

“Hm?”

“You remember where I first approached you?”

“Mhm”

“Are you doing anything Saturday night?”

“No, why?”

And that was how he began training with Daredevil every Saturday night.

Harley never paid too much attention to Peter. Peter was just there, not saying anything, not doing anything.

Harley couldn't deny that Peter wasn't a part of the family. He really didn't spend much time with anyone, and no one really spoke to him. The Avengers didn't see him for months at a time, and it's not like his Dad had spoken about him. They went to the same school, but they never spoke. Hell, they didn't even take the same classes. He knew that Peter was friends with that one weird kid, but honestly, Harley really didn't think about him.

He always just thought that Peter didn't want to be a part of the family. But if the conversation at Oscorp was anything to go by, clearly, he did.

Of course, only one question bugged his mind.

‘Why didn't Peter try to talk to the family?’

Sure, they never spoke to him, but he put in zero effort.

Harley felt bad for Peter, he really did. He missed him, too. It was strange, knowing that Peter wasn't there anymore. It was a dull ache that just didn't seem to go away.

He felt guilty, feeling bad about Peter's disappearance. But he just couldn't help it, he had lost his brother. What only made it worse was that it was partially his fault.

Tony was the most affected out of anyone.

He wouldn't get himself out of the lab, he was distant and cold all the time. Once, Harley went an entire day without seeing him.

The Avengers took a hit, too. Tony was usually the life of the party, whatever the situation. Nights were dull and quiet, and the Avengers couldn't help but miss him.

But god, that was the part that made Steve so mad.

Steve was a small kid from Brooklyn, trying to fight to be heard. Before the serum, no one gave him the time of day. Bucky always tried to make him feel better by inviting him places. Setting him up with girls, having him at different friends places, but nothing ever worked. Steve would usually be talked over, having to watch from the sidelines as Bucky and his friends would talk and chatter and have fun.

Then there was his father. For the few years he was around, he wouldn't even look at Steve. God, how he hated his father. It was like Steve didn't exist, like he was just another decoration that came with the house.

Steve didn't see it before, they never spoke about Peter enough for him to realize.

Peter was exactly like Steve.

Pre-serum Steve, atleast.

'God,' Steve thought. He let it all get to his head. At the end of the day, Peter Stark and Steve Rogers were cut from the same cloth. And god dammit, if Steve Rogers ever saw Peter Stark again, he would try to make it right.

End Notes

Ok, so I know this one is a lot shorter (and shittier) than my other two works, but I've had a really stressful week and I really wanted to put some content out for you guys.

Basically, I found out that my friend group (i'm still in school) has been shit talking me for atleast a month, and one of my friends who I was really close too spilled a ton of my secrets. Not to mention, my next week I have around two essays due, one summative, and a math test, so yk.

On another note, again if yall want to see me do a work dedicated to some MCU writing prompts (I have a lot of ideas, but not enough motivation to write anything but this) then comment down below, I dont want to do it if I know it will flop.

I really hope you liked it!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!